THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO

No. 3570. *Monday, May* 27, 1833. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Covent Garden Theatre.

SATURDAY being Witsun-Eve, the Sacred Oratorio of *The Israelites in Egypt* was performed at this Theatre, and attracted a pretty numerous, through not crowded audience. In consequence of the absence of Mr and Mrs Wood, there was necessarily some change in the cast, Miss E. Romer was the substitute for Mrs Wood, Wilson for Wood, and Mr Henry personated *Aaron*, but we do not think the general effect was lessened by the change; Miss Romer sang remarkably well, and was much applauded, and Mr Henry executed his music so well, that we should think he will henceforth be intrusted with better business than he has hitherto had. A slight accident occurred when the thunderbolt fell, it set fire to the dress of Wilson, and had it not been immediately extinguished, his mimic death might have become reality.

We refer our readers to the Drury Lane bill of this evening, where they will perceive what an excellent caterer Mr Harley has been for their amusement.

The obsequies of Mr Kean were performed on Saturday with due honour and solemnity; the influx of company into Richmond was very great; extra coaches, steam boats, &c. were put on in London to accomodate those persons who were anxious to visit the solemn scene. The coffin, which lay at the undertaker's on Friday, was visited by great crowds of people, upwards of one thousand it was calculated passed through the rooms during the evening. The following morning Mr Kean's house was opened to those who were anxious to view the *narrow house* of the great actor, and most of the principal inhabitants of Richmond, and many people from town, availed themselves of the permission. Within a few minutes of three the procession moved from the house, all the distinguished actors of the day were present, and were, with the other gentlemen who formed part of the melancholy procession, arranged on the stage of the Theatre, till the order was given to advance. On either side of the road through which the procession passed, crowds of persons were arranged, but twenty respectable inhabitants having been sworn especial constables, the greatest decorum was observed, until they arrived at the church, were some slight confusion arose at the entrance, in consequence of a sudden rush being made by individuals who had no right to enter, which was however soon suppessed by the firmness of the constables at the door. Long before the procession had arrived, the church was crowded to excess; when the coffin had been placed upon the tressels, Handel's burial service was chaunted by Messrs. Hawes, Robinson, Bedford Hobbs, and Miss Woodyatt; Mr Stansbury presided at the organ. During the service many of the mourners were affected to tears, and Mr Charles Kean was evidently very much distressed; he was supported into the church by Mr Sheridan Knowles and Mr Lee.—

After the service, the coffin was conveyed into the church-yard, and deposited in the same vault with Thompson, the poet. About two hundred persons walked in the procession, and it is computed three thousand persons were present. A disgraceful circumstance occurred, the commission of a robbery, within the walls of the sacred edifice, by a young man elegantly dressed in deep mourning. He was, after a chase down the aisle, accompanied by loud cries of Police! stop thief!' secured and lodged in the belfry.

On Thursday, when her Majesty honoured Drury Lane Theatre with her presence, the gallant lessee was surprised at a call being made on him to pay the guard of honour who were in attendance.—The Captain, an old soldier himself, thought this was coming the *old soldier* over him, and gave a flat refusal, being convinced the claim was not exactly *selon les regles*.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr Editor—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me, I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, call at the *Queen's Bazaar*, 73, Oxford Street, which has become a most fashionable lounge, to see Mr D. Robert's Grand Picture of The Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt, painted expressly for the occasion, with Dioramic effect, and from its magnitude, occupying the space of Four Diorama Views, surpasses in grandeur of design, execution and scriptural interest, every former Exhibition of the sort—*The Physiorama* of 14 beautiful new Views joined to the *Diorama*, makes it the most attractive in London for One Shilling.

Tuesday, stroll to the *Diorama*, in the Regent's-park, to see the two new views—Paris, from Montmartre, and the Campo Santo—which surpass in harmony of colouring, fidelity to nature, and general effect, all the previous exhibitions; and at once prove how far human skill can carry this wonderful species of pictorial delusion.

Wednesday, I step into Exeter Hall, to view the Second Annual Exhibition of the Old Masters—I observe the ladies are all delighted with a fine Cupid, by Domenichino, and from the thronging of fair worshippers it would seem that Love was just now making great havoc—Know from authority it is worth 3000 guineas!

But stop, I must just run to that well established emporium of fashion *The Western Exchange Bazaar*, Old Bond Street, all my country cousins are waiting for my opinion before they make their purchases;—and then we visit, in the gallery above, that astonishing specimen of human industry, *The Model of London*, where every man may find his own dwelling, if he has one.—120,000 Houses!!—140 Churches!!

Must drop in again and again to the Gallery of British Artists, in Suffolk-st. my taste as an amateur, and my pride as an Englishman, being equally gratified by the decided improvement visible in our native artists. The walls are covered with admirable pictures—some perfect *bijoux!*

Mathews's Theatrical Gallery, at the Queen's Bazaar, is my favorite lounge, there I again view Garrick, Siddons, & the many potent spirits who stirred my young blood, & compare them with the portraits of all the living theatrical stars.

Being caught in a storm, and having forgot my umbrella, dropped into Mullins & Co's. Cloth Warehouse, 419, Oxford Street, to buy some Cloth for a cloak, and was so struck with the superior quality and cheapness of their cloths, that I bought myself enough for a complete suit, and recommend my friends to try the same market.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Saturday, I occasionally pop into the Jewish Synagogue, and hear some excellent singing. My Hebrew friend, Moey Abrahams imputes the remarkable exemption of his nation from the prevailing disorder to the use of the Passover Rum, which is to be had genuine, only at Brett's, 109, Drury Lane.

Last night I had a puzzler;—just as I was putting on my night-cap, "Paul," said Mrs. Pry, "what is more brilliant than Peake's wit, or blacker than Miss Love's eyes? I made a hit—*Warren's Jet Blacking!*—Isn't that a good one?—but I intrude; beg pardon, your's, &c. PAUL PRY.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

HER MAJESTY

Having been most graciously pleased to permit the German Operas to be announced under Her Royal Patronage,

This Evening, (First Time on the English Stage) Mozart's Grand Opera of

The Magic Flute.

With New & Extensive Scenery, Machinery, Dresses, & Decorations.

The Music entirely by Mozart.

The Scenery by the Messrs Grieve & Assistants. The Dresses by Mr Head, &c.
Director of the Music, who will preside at the Piano-Forte, Herr Phelard.
The Opera produced under the direction of Mr EARLEY.

Serastro, (an Orator) Herr DOBLER,
Prince Tamino, Herr HAITZINGER,
Atas, (Chief Usher of the Temple) Herr SCHAFER,
Ist Priest, Herr Cronau,
2nd Priest, Herr Hofmann, 3rd Priest, Herr Kern,
Papageno, (a Bird Catcher) Herr UETZ,
Monastatos, (a Moor) Herr MEISSINGER,
Ashiflammante (Queen of Night) Mad. STOLL BOHM,
Pamina, (her Daughter) Mad. S. DEVRIENT,

Phrea, Cyana, Myrrha, } *Attendants on the Queen of Night* { Mad. Michalesi, Mad. Heisse, Mad. Seile,

Three Genii, Dem. Moor, Dem. Moor, & Dem. Keith,
Old Woman, (afterwards Papagena) Mad. Meissinger.

After which, the Farce of

PERFECTION.

Sir Lawrence Paragon, Mr BARTLEY, Charles Paragon, Mr BALLS,
Sam, Mr ROSS. Susan, Mrs CHESTER.
Kate O Brian, Madame VESTRIS, who will sing,
'The Gay Tournament,' and *'Why did I Love.'*

To conclude with, a Ballet, called The

Pages of the Duke de Vendome

Duke de Vendome, Mr GILBERT, Count de Muret, Mr HOWELL
Marimon, (an old Colonel) Mr HATTON,
Pedrillo.....(a Miller).....Mr BARTLETT.

PAGES.

Victor, (Son of Marimon) Mademoiselle AUGUSTA,
Auguste, Miss BASEKE, Eugene, Miss HUNT, Philippe, Miss Shaw,
Edouard, Miss Valancy, Pierre, Miss Therese, Louis, Miss Hill
Madame de St. Auge, Madame NEVILLE,
Elise, (her Niece) Miss BALLIN, Rosine, Miss GILBERT

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

MR. HARLEY'S BENEFIT.

This Evening, General Burgoyne's Opera of The

Lord of the Manor.

Truemore, Mr BRAHAM, Rashley, Mr BEDFORD,
Sir John Contrast, Mr FARREN, La Nippe, Mr BAKER,
Corporal, Mr YARNOLD, Rental, Mr YOUNGE,
Young Contrast, Mr JONES,
(Of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, who has offered his services for this night)

Annette, Miss BETTS, Sophia, Miss CAWSE,
Peggy, Mrs CROUCH, Moll Flaggon, Mr HARLEY.

After which, and during the Evening, the following

Musical Entertainments.

Madame Pasta and Madame Malibran, will sing their Duet from Semiramide
Madame Malibran and Mr Braham, the Duet of 'When thy Bosom,'
Madame Shroeder Devrient, will sing a German Air.
Mr Parry, Junr. will sing, by particular desire, the Ballad of 'The Maid of Llangollen,' accompanied by himself on the Harp.
Madame Pasta will sing the admired Cavatina, 'Ah che forse.'
Mr Templeton, will sing, 'There Lives a Young Lassie,'
Madame Malibran will give her Variations from Cinderella, and the Scotch Ballad of 'Young Jenny Grey.'
Signor Liverani, (Member of the Philharmonic, Bologna, his First Public Performance in this Country) a Fantasia on the Clarionet.
Miss Betts, 'Lo, hear the gentle Lark,' and, by desire, 'The Minstrel Boy.'
Mr Braham, will sing, 'The Death of Nelson,' 'Let us haste to Kelvin Grove,' 'Oh, don't you remember,' 'The Bay of Biscay,' and 'The King! Gad bless him!
Mr Harley will introduce, by particular desire, his popular Mock Bravura, 'Oh Dolce Doll Concento; or, Cupid, Little God of Love.'

To conclude with, Colman's Piece of

Inkle and Yarico.

Sir Christopher Curry, Mr FARREN, Inkle, Mr STANLEY,
Medium, Mr AYLIFFE, Campley, Mr TEMPLETON,
Trudge (with Comic Songs) Mr HARLEY,

Narcissa, Miss BETTS, Wowski, Miss CAWSE,
Patty, Mrs CROUCH, Yarico, Miss PHILLIPS.

Tomorrow, La Sonnambula.

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